

17
BEDLAM:

A

POEM,

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S

Happy ESCAPE from his *German* Domi-
nions, and the great WISDOM of his
CONDUCT there. 13

Dulce est desipere ——— & insanire.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword and Buckler Court*,
over-against the Crown-tavern on *Ludgate-hill*, 1741.

Price Two Pence.

P

F

T

mu
wi
be
me
kn
ma
al
an
Su
fa
V
a
t
o
t
?

T H E
P R I N T E R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THESE Verses were put into my Hands by one who thought them something of a Curiosity in their kind, and told me that if I would print them, they might possibly afford some little Amusement to the Publick; as being written in that wild, odd Stile and Manner, which is not common to be met with, either in Poetry or Prose. He assured me they were genuine, and that the Author, whom he knows, is really disordered in his Intellect, and has many strange Flights and Rovings of Imagination in all his Discourse, which is often incorrect, unequal and incoherent, and sometimes full of an Excess in the Sublime. He affects a Poetical Stile in almost all he says, and frequently diverts himself with scribbling of Verses; many Copies of which this Gentleman has seen; and met with these the other Day, which were begun to be written upon hearing the Guns fire at the Tower, on the Occasion of his Majesty's Return. If the Author was not too mad, he might perhaps make a tolerable Poet; for, I think it is generally allowed, that

some Degree of Madness is necessary to a Poetical Imagination.

The Reader may be assured that there has not been an Alteration of the least Word made in the Copy; nothing being done to it but the Pointing, which his Genius thought too trifling to take Notice of. I am told he appears very happy in this lively, intoxicated State of his Understanding: If so, it is almost a pity Dr. Monro should degrade him into the low Sphere of dull, sober Thinking, which often deadens the Spirits, palls the Taste of Gaiety and Pleasure, and lays a Foundation for Anxiety and Uneasiness.

There is this good Quality in these Writers, that their Expressions are their Sentiments, and that therefore it can be no Disparagement to the highest Merit to be justly extoll'd by them, it being much better to have a deserved Compliment from an honest Madman, than a flattering Knave, who has no other Meaning in what he says, than the Promotion of his Interest, which this Author is above thinking of, and is therefore in no Expectation of Post or Pension.

B E D-

B E D L A M:

A

P O E M.

WHAT mean these loud Aerial Cracks I hear?
* *Slumps* after *Slumps*, that shake my trem'lous
Ear?

Zounds! they're the *Tow'r*† Bombardments that disgorge
Their roaring Thunders for returning *George*;
Thro' fugient Skies they drive the swift-wing'd Sound,
And tell th' important Tale to Regions round.

Ye! who bade *Safety* go, and guard his Way,
All Thanks to you, Immortal Pow'rs! we pay.
With mirthful Hearts, and most melodious Voice,
Reviv'd and cheer'd, *Britannia's* Sons rejoice;

B

And

* A suppos'd favourite coin'd Word of the Author's. † A Word

And scarce the Torrent of their Transports bear,
Now they've got safe their *Royal Master* here.

Halloo! who's there? Haste! quick, you Dog! prepare
Pens, Ink, and Tables, Papers and a Chair :
I'm forming the grand Panegyric Plan,
And *Albion's* mighty Monarch is my Man ;
And while of *George*, and *George's Deeds* I sing,
I'll spread the Feathers of a fearless Wing.
Milton and *Dryden* I disdain to name ;
Nor deem it Glory, to out-burn their Flame :
Nor with *Dan. Pope* a Tune I'd deign to try ;
For with low *Lyres*, loud Trumpets scorn to vie.
I'll mount with Pinions, that ne'er soar'd before,
Stronger than those my Brother *Pindar* bore ;
When he, the bold Dircean Swan, did fly
Tow'ring thro' loftiest Tracts of th' azure Sky.

Hark! how the burning Dog-star raves, and barks ;
Come down, ye bending Skies! and bring me Larks :
I'll have them roasted on a String by Dozens,
And ask to Sup--- my loving Friends and Cousins.

But stay, rash Muse! nor start thou thus aside :
No more, let devious Fancy's Fires misguide.

This Day great *Phæbus*, in his Car of Fire,
To's Western Waves reluctant will retire :

For, hark! — he tells me, he'd fain stop his Flight,
 And shine in Compliment to *George* all Night,
 But that by Heav'n's Eternal Lord he's bound
 To walk the World with restless Circuits round.

Since he's thus destin'd, let the God be gone;
 We'll strive to emulate the flaming *Sun*;
 Nay, we'll surpass th' Ætherial House of *Jove*,
 And light more Fires below, than he above.

Help, Goddess! help me; one bright Line inspire;
 "Our Fronts of Houses shall be Walls of Fire."

Come! once again, my weary Fancy raise;
 "The Midnight Gloom shall turn to Noon-day Blaze."

While Rockets mount to tell the Stars, *He's come*,
 Such Light, great *Paul*! shall pour upon thy Dome;
 That Counties round with stupid Eyes shall stare,
 To see thy tow'ring Temple shine so fair
 Thro' the Night-flaming, Elemental Air. }

I.

Mad *Phaeton* once, like a Fool,
 Requested of *Phæbus*, his Sire,
 That he but one Journey might rule,
 And ride the red Chariot of Fire.

II.

Ere *Phæbus* did grant his Demand,
 He warn'd him the Danger to shun;
 But *Phaeton* ventur'd his Hand,
 Tho' too feeble to govern the Sun.

III.

The Reins he let go, says old Fame,
 For his Horses his Words would not hear;
 And had like to've set Earth all on Flame,
 But that *Jove* knock'd him down in's Career.

IV.

For to save these our mortal Abodes,
 He was Thunder-struck plung'd in the Stream
 Of *Eridanus*, King of the Floods,
 Which of *Po* bears, at present, the Name.
 But why, my Genius! this excursive Strain?
 Let Paths more regular thy Rage restrain;
 And when great *George* is thy All-glorious Theme,
 Know, 'tis not decent to digress, and dream.

I.

A *God* to be esteem'd,
Salmoneus, madly vain,
 With impious Boldness deem'd
 That great as *Jove*, he'd reign.

II.

While o'er a Bridge of Braſs
 His rattling Chariot drove,
 And his Lamps wav'd, this *Ass*
 Believ'd, he rivall'd *Jove*.

III.

But *Jove* ſoon made him know,
 To Mortals 'tis not giv'n
 To im'tate here below
 The Sounds and Flames of Heav'n,

IV.

Jove's real Bolts arrive,
 (As *Grecian* Fables tell)
 And, fir'd with Vengeance, drive
 The miſcreant Dog to Hell.

Again theſe Rovings! Can *theſe* Flights concord
 With the bright Praises of your *Royal Lord*?
 Who, far from e'er aspiring to be God,
 Himſelf ſtill humbles for his Subjects Good: —
 — Nothing more true; but how cou'd Man forbear
 Raving a while, to *Sirius* when ſo near?
 For, ſaw you not, how, as we paſs'd him by,
 He on me ſtar'd with a tremendous Eye,

Glaring with fiery Fierceness? Hence it came
That mad *Salmoneus* was my thoughtless Flame.

I'm thinking now that *Pr—ff—a's* Prince I'll sing,
And bear that recent Monarch on my Wing.

Right : —— 'Tis not foreign to brave *George's* Praise,
To tune a while his *Nephew* in thy Lays.

When he at first went forth with all his War,

To mount him in *Silesia's* Ducal Car ;

He's sure, I said, in some delirious Fit,

With Mad-brain-making *Luna's* Influence smit ;

For, in all sober Reas'ning, what the Devil

Should make him thus to's Sister-Queen uncivil ?

'Tis plain, old *Fl——'s* Fancies must inspire

These flaming Deeds, to set the World on Fire :

But, Heav'n we praise thee, *George's* piercing Sight

The Schemes has blasted of that wicked Wight.

George, from his hidden Depths of Wisdom, saw

'Twas not the Time his fervid Blade to draw ;

Therefore, to make the Globe in Peace repose,

He serv'd no Friend, and disoblig'd no Foes.

Had he done *either*, Tempests had been hurl'd,

And cruel *Mars* had rag'd around the World.

'Tis Frenzy, not true Fire, that dares oppose

Th' o'er-pow'ring Forces of superior Foes ;

And Fancy, then, as wildly wings her Flight,
 As when she led th' illustrious *Errant-Knight*,
 In the high Fervors of his Blood to kill
 A huge, enormous Giant, —— a Wind-mill.

'Tis *not* such Brav'ry, Armies to engage,
 As to repress, and still Man's rising Rage;
 To force the headstrong *Horse within* to yield,
 Is higher Conquest, than to heap the Field
 With Carcasses of Millions of the slain,
 And swell with human Blood the torrent Plain.

What! must th' immortal *Monarch* war alone?
 Behold his *natal*, dear Dominions gone,
 And perhaps, trembling, his *Britannic* Throne.
 None sure, but Ideots Brains, can e'er suppose
 A King, thus madly firing on his Foes:
 And, while Perdition's dreadful Mouth gapes wide,
 Leaping design'dly in, to be destroy'd.
 To've aided *Madam Hung'ry* with his Arms,
 Had op'd a Source to've spread more fatal Harms;
 While *she* th' *extremest* Danger could not shun,
 And would have, thus, been *totally* undone.

George is an unexhausted Theme of Praise;
 His Schemes how wondrous, and how wise his Ways!

His *Wisdom*, strongest Guardian of his Reign;
 Might almost make his *Naval Thunders* vain;
 And of *itself* pull down the Pride of *Spain*.

'Tis *this*, that guileful *Gallia* best shall rule,
 And make both K——g, and C——l a Fool;

'Tis *this*, says smiling Fame, shall lead the Way
 For D—— B——a to th' Imperial Sway;

'Tis *this*, shall direful Discord cause to cease,
 And lull the weary World to Rest and Peace.

That, in these *sober* Numbers, thus I sing
 Th' unrivall'd Wisdom of *Britannia's* King,
 Impute to this soft, temp'rate, purple Sky,
 Where, *fearless* that our Wings shou'd burn, we fly;
 Tho' we've oft fear'd it, since this Flight we rais'd,
 While, where we flew, ten thousand Suns have blaz'd.

But now 'tis Time to measure back the Way,
 We've voyag'd thro' this vast *Ætherial* Sea.
 Goddess! be thou my Guide, be thou mine Eye,
 My little, native, distant World to spy,
 Compar'd to what *we've seen*, in Truth no more
 Than the least Grain upon the sandy Shore.